

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR MEETS ABOARD SHIP ONE OF NATURE'S COURTIER

Lonely Scotchman From the Island of Islay Confides in English Girl Tale of His Home.

The rise and dreadful fall of the Atlantic Ocean! Why, I think that compared with it the rise and fall of the Roman Empire itself must have been the merest trifle.

For after leaving Queenstown on the second day, when evening came we met the great Atlantic rollers. We pitched and rolled, but oh! I loved the white foam and the blinding spray!

A lowering sky gloomed on that threatening sea. The forward first-class deck was quite deserted, too; behind me and above on the second-class, a few adventurous souls were cautiously peering the rolling deck.

Above the loud vibrations of the screw I heard a sudden melody, clear and distinct. The voice was nearby; the voice was a man's, a deep rich baritone, and was strangely familiar.

"I listened intently," I said to myself, "Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more."

The liquid notes were full of a yearning sadness. Where, oh, where, had I once heard that lovely melody?

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The present scene now slowly faded, and in its place I saw the great Trafalgar Square of London as it looked one summer afternoon long years ago. A long and procession of soldiers slowly followed a single gun-carriage bearing something draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack—and on that flag rested a solitary sword and helmet.

Two pipers in the Gordon Highlanders and tartan headed that procession, and from their pipes a real old Highland Lament rang through Trafalgar Square. For a Highland officer and a gentleman was being borne on that quiet gun-carriage to his last resting place.

"Parent to Lochaber, Lochaber no more, I shall surely return to Lochaber no more." The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage noticed in an eerie, heart-broken fashion. I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mourning regiment.

"Dear Gordon Highlanders! A soldier's funeral is the saddest sight." The singer on the steamer deck now came in view, a tall, broad-shouldered youth. His clothes were of the roughest homespun, patched and darned. He had the shabbiest, yet the grandest air—for he was one of Nature's gentlemen. A courier might well have envied the gallant way he bowed and doffed his threadbare cap, as if I were a princess, he a prince. I know at once he was a Highlander.

"Madame," said he, and I know that words did not come easily to him in the English. "We are companions, and one of us is a ferry homelike—it will be honoring me to talk with you. The better used I am to speak the Gaelic."

"I have enjoyed your song," I said. "And do you come from the Lochaber district?" He shook his head. "I am an Islay man," said he, "and going out beyond the sea to make a fortune. But Islay will be calling all the time!"

"The Island of Islay," I said, "does it not lie out in the Hebrides of Scotland?" He nodded slowly, and his face, young, wonderfully handsome, lit up with a new glow and a remembrance. It was the



CHILD'S SWEATER COAT

face of a dreamer, a seen, and on it was the clear prophetic gaze peculiar to the sea-air Highlanders of Scotland. They live so close to Nature that they have a "second sight"—and Nature is their only "medium."

"The lonely I was feeling in this place," said he, "and so I sang my saddest song—all the time I will be thinking that 'twas just the sea-news heard! But now I see I had another listener. You are a lady, I'm a crofter's son. But 'tis the kindest eyes you have—I'm thinking they are like the mountain turns among the peaks of Islay—or those deep pools the sea will leave among the rocks."

"Toll me about Islay, please," said I, embarrassed.

THE TALE OF ISLAY.

"The finest place on earth," said he, "and 'tis the finest view in Scotland from our shieling. The roof is only thatch, you know, but then that means the birds nest there! All day my mother sits and spins, while I work in the fields or at the fishing. She has no English, just the Gaelic."

"You sing so well," I said again.

"'Tis a ferry poor hand I will be at the singing," said he modestly, "but everything sings all day long in Islay. The sea sings on the rocks, and after rainy nights the burns in spate are singing down the hillsides. 'Tis brooks in food you will be calling them, but we say burns in spate—and then the sea-news and the curlews always call, and in the woods the mistreels and the birches sing—and in the fields the reapers sing all day."

"But Islay is a lonely place, a sort of kingdom in the sea," I said.

"'Tis just a kingdom, and we all are kings," said he. "For all the moors and hills and glens are ours. But never lonely! I know a little lochan in the pines. At night the curlews call among its reeds—and in the long deep heather, grouse and ptarmigan are hid. We have our Highland chieftain, too, the great Macdonald of the Isles—the King's own friend he is—and at the Oban Games last year he was a judge. I tossed the caber at these games last year—a heavy pipe it was—and Cameron of Lochiel with the Duke of Argyll were judging, too, but Lord Macdonald gave the prize to me!"

"You love your island in the Hebrides?" I said again.

"To my dying day!" said he fervently, "and 'tis this verse of poetry will be working it." He leaned against the steering wheel, and I saw again the gleam upon his handsome face.

"From the lone shieling and the misty island, Mountains divide us, and a world of sea, But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland! And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!"

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

SOMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldfish. He swished his tail round and round in the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food.

"I don't! I feel like a fish!" exclaimed his companion. "I never heard of such a creature as you are. You always pretend something or feel as if you are something wonderful!"

"Now, you know perfectly well that you are a goldfish and that you are shut up solidly in this tiny bowl, so what is the use of pretending?"

The first goldfish, whose name, by the way, was Dream, softly nosed the top of the water, then darted down and swam around the bottom of the bowl before he quite made up his mind what to reply.

"Of course all that you say is true, partner," he finally said, "but why talk about it? Why not forget it?"

Now, Dream's partner in the fish bowl was named Really Truly because he had such a really truly little short tail! So short it seemed as if it couldn't possibly belong to a goldfish.

"Dear me," exclaimed Dream, "what do you want?"

"I want to be back at the store where I came from. I want to swim in that big tank where I didn't have to turn around every minute and I want to dart through that lovely castle of coral and stones we had there."

He talked so vigorously that he quite panted for breath, and Dream

HOME-KNITTED COAT SWEATERS TO MEET SCARCITY OF TOGS

War May Have Serious Effect on the Price of Out-of-door Garments for Children.

ONE of the first considerations for out-of-door garments for children is warmth without undue weight. It is in this particular that the sweater coat excels, and while it is not suitable for state or festive occasions, it is an admirable garment for play or everyday wear, and distinctly picturesque into the bargain.

Today's illustration shows a sweater coat of champagne-colored silk, fastened with knitted buttons of the same color, and tied with a sash ending in tassels. The cap exactly matches the sweater in color, weave and trimming, as there is a button on one side and a tassel on the other.

It is an excellent model, either for purchase or for home manufacture. It has been designed on the most simple lines, and the sweater was never meant to be ornate, although it sometimes is. It is knitted with the regulation stitch, but the sash prevents it from looking either plain or severe.

Any one at all skilled in knitting would find it an easy model to copy. There are several grades of wool that could be substituted for the silk, and any color, either light or dark, could be chosen in the place of the champagne color of the illustration.

Although it is early in the year to speak of Christmas, the rumor has started, and keeps on growing, that there will be a dearth of toys and playthings this year.

Some of the toy shops and department stores that show a showing of such things received their supplies from Europe before the war broke out. They are probably in the minority. If the prices go up in proportion to the scarcity of the articles it will make rough sledding for many householders.

It is commonly said that the number of children is in reverse ratio to the worldly goods of the parents, which may be the law of compensation manifesting itself obscurely. But if the prices of toys are prohibitive the children must not go without gifts.

A gray-colored cap and sweater would delight the heart of any child, and it is surprising how quickly they reach completion when they are started and worked on in the odd moments that otherwise might pass with nothing to show.

And, furthermore, knitting is recommended by physicians as a sedative to nerves.



MRS. IMOGENE B. OAKLEY Philadelphia woman commends the French people for their calm during the trying days of the mobilization.

CIVIC ASSOCIATION WORKER TELLS FRENCH EXPERIENCES

In her charming apartment at the Gladstone, Eleventh and Pine streets, Mrs. Imogene B. Oakley cheerfully recounted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and glad she is to be at home again. Accompanied by Miss Ella Robb, secretary of the Civic Club in this city, Mrs. Oakley called for the shores of Brittany early in July, where she spent one happy month, and then proceeded on to Tours. On her arrival she was greeted with vague news of the war, but did not feel unduly alarmed.

However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharply home to her on the following morning. On going out to get some checks cashed she discovered, ruefully, that not a soul would cash them. The French landlady proved a good friend in trouble; she immediately said, "Madame will stay as long as she likes and will pay me next year." Indeed, to stay in Tours was the only possible thing to do, for all the trains were used for mobilization purposes.

and even had she had the money Mrs. Oakley could not have left. The daughter of the late George F. Baer was in a like predicament at Tours, and was also forced to stay. For two weeks she had to do without her favorite afternoon cup of tea, since she was unable to pay for it.

"I want to tell you this specially," said Mrs. Oakley in her eager, vivacious way; "the American Express Company was the first one that cashed our checks, and when it did, it paid in full. All the hotels took the American Express Company's checks, saying that they knew they would be paid in a few months."

"We were so desperately anxious to see the chateau in the valley of the Loire," continued Mrs. Oakley, "yet it looked as if our chances of doing so were slim. We could not even afford to send a postcard home to say where we were; we had no money. Then a delightful thing happened for us. A man from Brooklyn, who was touring in his auto, burst a tire, and was forced to stay in Tours, for he, too, had no money. At the end of two weeks, my friend and I

got some money through the American Express Company, but this unfortunate man had a Brown-Shingle letter of credit, and could not get it cashed. He came to us and said that if we would give him money to mend his tire, he would motor us around the chateau. Needless to say, we heartily agreed.

"The Loire is too beautiful for words," said Mrs. Oakley. "You know it is called the 'Garden of France.' Crop after crop of strawberries appears there in a single season, for the climate is so equable and delightful that everything grows rapidly.

"At Chalonceaux a melancholy French woman, whose husband had just left for the war, showed us round the old chateau. 'Mon mari est alle a la guerre' was her one cry, while tears kept running down her cheeks. She could not even explain a picture to us, as the tears kept trickling down her nose, and it was so infectious that we joined in, too.

"At the end of August we left for Marseilles, to catch the first chance of getting a good steamer home," continued Mrs. Oakley. "We had a dreadful journey down for two days—only a stale sandwich or two to eat, and sitting bolt upright night and day. At midnight once we got out for a four hours' wait at a little station called Chasse. 'You cannot sit in the first-class waiting-room, for it is for the officers,' said the stationmaster to me. 'I have a first-class ticket, and here I stay,' I said decidedly. 'I shall be glad to have the officers join us. Show them in.' But no, he insisted, we must get out. He threatened, he implored, 'No, I will not go sit third class,' said I. These officers would not come in, but peered at intervals through the window!

"I wish to say," concluded Mrs. Oakley, "how very much I admired the calm self-control on the part of the French soldiers and people; not the slightest sign of boasting, nor hysteria, nor vain talk was there. All was done quickly, silently and methodically."

"This winter," Mrs. Oakley intends to continue her efforts in abating city noises, and in her prominent position on the American Civic Association will doubtless have a busy and a useful time.

MISTER WIND

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON. I am mad at you, bad Mister Wind, For the web that the spider had spinned; You twisted and tore, And she'll have to once more Fix the ends she had carefully pinned.

And I wish I could whistle like you, And could play everywhere as you do, And you don't go to sleep When the little stars peep, But can play all the day and night, too.

(Copyright.)

ALL THAT YOU GET HERE IS FRESH

EXTRA FINE JERSEY POLTRY AND FINE WHITE PERKIN DUCKS

The latter are ultra choice and well-mated. Fresh eggs received daily. Mail or phone orders given careful and prompt attention. We deliver anywhere. Prices always reasonable.

W.A. Bender READING TERMINAL MARKET Stalls 606-608-610

What Shall I Get for Dinner?

You turn a disc and you have a perfectly balanced meal

Mrs. Christine Frederick's Ladies' Home Journal Food Chart

Table with 2 columns: Soups, Meals, Starchy Vegetables, Watery Vegetables, Salads, Desserts. Includes a small diagram of a disc with food categories.

You say you will have chicken for dinner. Turn the disc to chicken and the chart shows everything that goes with chicken—soup, vegetables, salad and dessert. Or choose roast-beef, lamb, mutton, pork—any meat at all, and a complete meal is planned for you.

A complete answer to the most oft-asked question of housewives everywhere

It is presented like a "cut-out"—you cut it out of the magazine and you have it.

The October Issue of The Ladies' Home Journal

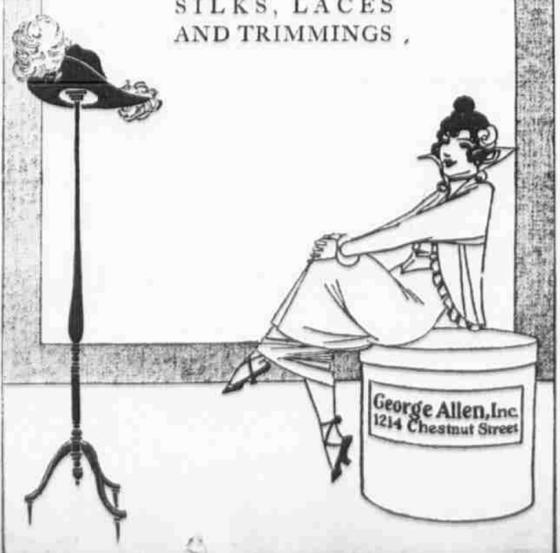
Fifteen Cents the Copy, of All News Agents Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 Issues) by Mail, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

George Allen, Inc. 1214 Chestnut Street

Fall and Winter Opening

OF MILLINERY SILKS, LACES AND TRIMMINGS



New French Neckwear

HAND-EMBROIDERY AND REAL LACE

ROLLING COLLARS—plain white or in the daring, semi-barbaric colorings now used with such charming effect. VESTEES with the "touch"—great variety. FRENCH GUMPES with military collars.

The New Bedouin Scarf

Distinctly clever styles and many of them.

Special

Wonderful line of Rolling Collars at 50c. Made in America.

J.B. SHEPPARD & SONS 1008 CHESTNUT STREET